

OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

THE OBSERVER

AS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

*The Publisher, also, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

POETRY.

THE EDITOR.

That editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meets him.

Says one, your objects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Too much religion;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and queens and lords,
Of border wars, and Gothic horrors
That used to live in novels.

No—no—cries one we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation—
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks; the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of southern indigo and rice,
Or India silks and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun;
A rebuff or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And of worldly carnal views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gaudy quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety:
Variety in all things,
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed; I only give the hint
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a draught 'tis plain;
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one;
Of people totally undone
By losses, fire, or fever;
Another answers full as wise,
I'd rather have a fall and rise,
Of race on skin and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease;
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute then.

Or grave or humorous; wild or tame;
Lofty or low; 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editorial weight
Has naught to do but what is right
And let the grumblers grumble.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Albany Messenger.

Not the rage of the people pressing to hurl
measures, not the aspect of a threatening tyrant,
can shake from his settled purpose the man that is just,
and determined in his resolution. *SARAH'S MONARCH.*

There is, perhaps, no quality of the mind more to be admired, or more conducive to our happiness, than that which we commonly call independence. As the signification of this word when thus applied, is somewhat indeterminate, I will first state the meaning I affix to it, before proceeding to any farther remarks. Independence of mind is that indifference to what the world may think or say against us, which results from a consciousness of having ever acted as become honest and virtuous men. That disregard for the opinions of our fellow men concerning us, which springs from any other source, is as much to be reprobated as this is to be praised. He who is so low in degradation as to be deaf to the admonitions of conscience, and regardless of the estimation in which he is held by the virtuous and enlightened, is truly a deplorable spectacle; while, of him on the other hand, no sigh is more pleasing or delightful than a man who, relying on the purity of his motives, scorns the base flatteries of the world and smiles at its malignity and reprobations. At such an individual, the deep envy in vain

are aimed, for superior virtue shields him from their sting: against him calumny may whisper, and malice may contrive with fruitless efforts; for within his bosom is placed an antidote for all their venom.

This laudible independence of mind has always been esteemed a quality of the first importance in the character of statesmen, heroes, and scholars. Where, in the world's history, can you find a distinguished statesman against whom all the artillery of little-minded politicians, coupled with all the malevolence and abuse, which are their usual weapons of warfare, have not been directed? Where is he, the brightness of whose fame was never attempted to be tarnished by the aspersions of envy, or whose glory was never assailed by the darts of the base-born cowards? Where the scholar, the extent of whose acquirements has ever been disputed, or the splendor of whose talents has never been unsullied by the malignant attacks of contemptible sciolists? Superiority always excites envy, and how much does it contribute to our happiness and future success, to disregard the emanations of a jealous and envious mind, and to pursue, with unremitted speed, the path of honor and preference? An excellent judge of human nature, and one acquainted with it in all its shapes, has remarked, that "when a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that all the dunces are in a confederacy against him." The universal experience of mankind, most conclusively proves that observation to be true. Had the sages, the heroes, or the scholars, whose names are now emblazoned in deathless characters on the scroll of fame, been discouraged in their pursuits; had their ardor for distinction in the cabinet, or in the fields of glory and of science, been quenched by the envious effusions of the demagogue, the coward, or the sciolist; how few bright examples would we have to stimulate us to the attainment of that exalted rank, by the cultivation of those faculties which distinguish the noble from the base, the courageous from the cowardly, and the learned from the ignorant?

In private life, this virtue, if so it may be termed, is of no less importance. The best of men have enemies, and they who are most conspicuous for domestic virtues, are the most obnoxious to the detractions of envy. It always argues some good quality, some excellence, or merit in an individual, when scandal maligns him for her victim. If a man should suffer his peace to be disturbed, by the unfounded rumors circulated by those who wish his ruin, how happy, how unenviable would be his lot? That independence of mind is then certainly much to be admired and coveted, which enables us to preserve equanimity, and to cultivate, with unabated ardor, those virtues which endear us to our family and friends, unawed by the threats of the malicious and uninfluenced by the scurrility of degraded and unprincipled calumniators.

In our city, too much license is unconsciously taken in speaking of the characters and dispositions of those with whom we are unacquainted. The reputation of a man is so him invaluable; without it, wealth is valueless, and life itself loses all its power to charm. How much caution and delicacy, then, are requisite when we express our opinions of the characters even of the meanest individuals in society! If we were sensible how much a man may be injured by the slightest breath of calumny, and even by the equivocal insinuations thrown out by persons ignorant of the merits of those whom they traduce, we would very seldom, if possessed of the least tenderness of feeling, indulge in hasty exclamations against those to whom a good reputation is dearer than life. Every individual has not firmness enough to disregard what malice may whisper of his imperfections; but many an honest and upright man who might have been an ornament to society and raised a happy family to perpetuate their father's virtues has withered under the malignant blast of unfounded scandal, and retired, broken-hearted, from the world, to pass in wretchedness the miserable remnant of his life. It is a trite proverb, but one "worthy of all acceptance," and deserving to be engraved on the heart of every man, that "if you cannot speak good of a man, say no ill of him."

From the London Magazine.

AN HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends upon this circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected? They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire and much to imitate in each other, and half the animosity, which sheds its baneful influence on society, would fade away and be forgotten. It was one day when I was about seventeen years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my athenatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand pounds per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of

the circumstance being regularly dwelt on by my French governess at Camden-house, after every hideous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing of the subject, till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither as writing, (I see it before me while I recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject upon which they ever agreed was, that in a moment of unprejudiced union, they had determined, that as the title fell to my cousin in Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry; and it seemed whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, though I, for a husband of an orphan; of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world; who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her. A professed rake too; who will take; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride the best affections of my nature! No, I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned, I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched, merely to please them; no, no, positively cannot think of it.

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfill the arrangement. My opinion, I found was not to be asked. A rich and titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my mother; why not persuade her to let me visit instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without horses, without servants; to all appearance, a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my fate; and I never shall forget my start of surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill-health, was introduced to me, as the noisy, dissolute, and distracted baronet. Preciously have been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long, and rather interesting conversation with Mr. Edgar, I, with other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to linger; "you had better go home." Still I lingered; till one evening, towards the close of a fete-a-tete conversation, on my saying, "that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on 500 a year;" he replied "one admission more; could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, Miss Vavasour; I have resolved on taking orders and accepting a living from a friend; it, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement." His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and heaven knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaily foreigner's heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. See her at once." "But why?" he exclaimed, "could seeing her again and again ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments; or any sum of money, however large, induce me to place at the head of my table a hump-backed, bas-blue, in green spectacles?" Hump-backed? "Yes, from her cradle." But you color. "Do you know her?" "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you're not offended?" Oh no, not offended. Hump-backed! of all the things in the world: And I involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." The most intimate possible, I returned, and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing. "The devil!" Don't swear; but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. Further, at present, this deponent saith not: And with a ludicrously distorted smile, an attempt to smile, when I was monstrously in-

clined to cry, I escaped to my own room. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

Not many weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze; the tenants were carousing in the lawn, when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, near a table covered with ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and halas innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No, no," said I, in a voice that made him start, and draw up the blinds. "No, no, it is preposterous to suppose, Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward and hump-back girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railery, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of it all was—that—that—we are married.

ELLEN.

SIMPLON ROAD.

The Simplon road, which surmounts one of the snowy summits of the Alps, and opens a communication between France and Italy was projected by Napoleon, and constructed by his order. It is a stupendous work, and excites the admiration of every traveller. The highest part of the road is 600 feet (upwards of a mile) above the level of the sea. It is 40 miles in extent, and passes on the extreme declivity of ridges, over awful chasms and foaming torrents and through prodigious masses of rock. The road is so constructed that the slope no where exceeds two and a half inches in six feet, and carriages can descend without locking the wheels at any place. There are 6 galleries cut through the solid rock, the most prodigious of which is 660 feet long, 27 wide, and 30 high, with three wide openings cut through its sides to admit light. Thirty men were employed night and day (being relieved every eight hours by as many others) for 18 months in effecting this gallery. On the lower side of the road there is a wall laid with stone and mortar, with posts 10 feet high erected at intervals to distinguish the road from the precipice, when the whole is covered with snow. The quantity of masonry on this wall and the abutments is immense. The road passes over 264 bridges. 14 stone houses are built at certain intervals across the mountain, the occupants of which are bound to keep their stores heated night and day in cold weather, and a room ready for travellers, the catholics have small oratories on the route, containing each a small crucifix, where they stop and perform their devotions; and near the top is a convent of monks. On the Italian side of the mountain, is the village of Simplon with 20 houses; and cottages, where the poor remain in summer to feed their goats, which are found in every part of the Alps, some of them at an amazing height. "Nothing which Napoleon has executed," says Pro. Griscom) will be regarded with more mingled satisfaction, or furnish a more striking and durable monument of his public spirit, than the Simplon road. It must ever command the plaudits of Europe."

Singular Secret Murder.

"Mr. John Kello, minister of Spot, in East-Lothian, had an extraordinary talent for preaching; and was universally held to be a man of singular piety. His wife was handsome, cheerful, tender-hearted, and, in a word, possessed all the qualities that can endear a woman to her husband. A pious rich widow in the neighborhood tempted his avarice. She clung to him as her spiritual guide; and, but for his wife, he had little doubts of obtaining her hand in marriage. His change of behaviour made a deep impression on his wife, for she loved him tenderly, and yet was anxious to conceal her treatment from the world. Her meekness, her submission, her patience, tended but to increase his sullenness. Upon a Sunday morning, when on her knees offering up her devotions, he came softly behind her, put a rope about her neck, and hung her up to the ceiling. He bolted his gate, crept out at a window, walked demurely to church, and charmed his hearers with a most pathetic sermon. After divine service, he invited two or three of his neighbors to pass the evening at his house, telling them his wife was indisposed, and of late inclined to melancholy, but that she would be glad to see them. It surprised them to find the gates bolted, and none to answer; but much more when, upon its being opened, they found her in the situation mentioned. The husband seemed to be struck dumb—and counterfeited sorrow so much to the life, that his guests forgetting the dead, were wholly interested about the living. His soul, however, was afterwards oppressed with the weight of his guilt. Finding no relief from agonizing remorse, and from the image of a murdered wife constantly haunting him, he about six weeks after the horrid deed, went to Edinburg, and delivered himself up to the justice. He was condemned upon his own confession, and executed the 4th of October, 1870."

OXFORD OBSERVER.

PARIS.....THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1824.

In presenting our friends and the public with the first number of the OXFORD OBSERVER, we feel it a duty incumbent on us to accompany it with a few remarks, relative to the object of its establishment. Situated, as we are, in the interior of the State, and the larger part of us depending upon the products of our farms for our support, it must be obvious to the most casual observer, that although our interests, in the aggregate, are the same with the rest of our fellow-citizens of this State, our local situation is such, that in things of minor consequence and importance, we are essentially different from those who are situated on the seaboard; that we are destitute of many of the privileges and advantages which they enjoy; that our sources of receiving information are not so numerous, and that the means of obtaining it are much more limited.

These, with many other considerations, which it would be superfluous to name, at this time, induced the publisher to issue his prospectus for publishing the paper which he now has the happiness to present to the public. And he is well aware, that the responsibility, which he thus takes upon himself, requires the most serious and deliberate consideration; that to conduct a public Journal, in the spirit avowed in the prospectus for the Observer, requires great care and attention; and that it will involve the publisher in many difficulties, where it will need superior abilities to extricate him. But yet he feels confident, for that he is not alone, for that he has engaged men of acknowledged talents, to assist him in the laborious undertaking, who will lend constantly their aid in conducting the Observer; and in addition to that consideration, the publisher has the satisfaction to be personally known to the larger part of his subscribers and patrons, and he therefore considers that he is not altogether in the hands of strangers, and he assures his friends and the public, that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to make the columns of the Observer useful and entertaining to the farmer, mechanic, doctor, lawyer, scholar, and divine.

Our agricultural department will contain such information as shall be of importance to the farmer, leaving out those superfluous experiments, and chimeras, which have served measureably to bring "book farming" into contempt and ridicule; but such experiments as have been found useful and beneficial, among practical agriculturists, will always find a place in our columns; and we solicit our fellow-citizens, who are practical farmers, to send us the results of all such improvements as they have made in the art of husbandry which they may have found useful. Nor shall the Mechanic be passed over in silence; for we shall always insert such improvements in the mechanic arts, as may come to our knowledge; while that which is useful in Medicine, so far as it can be administered without the aid of the physician, will be duly noticed.

We shall endeavor to devote a part of our paper to literary information, so that the scholar may be benefited and instructed, and also have an opportunity to instruct others, and we hope our literary friends, will favor us with their communications, which will always find a place in our periodical publication.

Nor shall we pass by those great and important truths in religion, which constitute the fundamental principles of happiness. And we shall endeavor in every paper to insert something of a religious and moral nature; but we shall exclude all such communications as may have a tendency to create party feelings or to stir up that spirit of discord, which has too often caused a separation among those who profess the religion of Jesus Christ. All religious intelligence of an interesting and general nature, will be inserted in our paper, and we assure all sects and denominations, Christians, that they shall never have any just cause of complaint against us, for giving any one denomination a preference, in our columns. And in order that our paper may be useful, we solicit the preachers of every denomination of Christians to furnish us with such religious information and intelligence from time to time, as may tend to promote the general welfare of mankind.

Such decisions of our Courts as are considered interesting and important, will be published; and such other legal information given, as will be beneficial and instructive.

News which is interesting will always be inserted, and we shall take especial care, that nothing material shall be overlooked, that may take place in any part of the world, so far as it shall come to our knowledge. A summary of the proceedings of our National and State Legislatures will be given to our readers; and such information of a political nature as may be considered beneficial to the community, will be published; while, at the same time, we do not follow the mazy round of politics, we shall always reserve the privilege of giving our opinion upon men and measures whenever we think it just and proper; but we wish it distinctly understood, that we shall endeavor not to infringe upon the rights of others in asserting our own—and we only ask that charity from others which we exercise towards them: hoping that we shall be able so to conduct our publication that it may prove interesting and amusing to its readers and beneficial to the community: and should we err, or fall short, in our attempt, we assure our readers that none will regret it more than we shall—but as it will not be expected that every one will be satisfied with us, in the management of this paper, we shall always adhere to

our own opinion until we are proved in the wrong, at which time we shall be ready and willing to retract.

We cannot close our remarks without presenting our thanks to our subscribers generally, and in a particular manner to such as have interested themselves in the establishment of our paper. They are entitled to our gratitude and respect, and we fondly hope that we shall not altogether disappoint them, in making our paper useful to them and our friends collectively.

We would observe to our subscribers at a distance, that should they wish any alterations in the conveyance of their papers and the places where they are left, to signify the same either to the carrier, or to the postmaster of their vicinity, who will give us the necessary intimations, which will be implicitly followed by us, as far as is practicable.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. BARTON: I send you a few sketches of the early history of this County, somewhat connected with its physical features, its resources, curiosities, mineral productions, &c. They are such as have come to my knowledge, and if you think them of any service, they may be used as you think most proper.

Yours, &c. VIATOR.

SNOW'S FALLS.

Snow's Falls, on the Little Androscoggin River, about 4 miles North from the Court-House in Paris, possess some considerable notoriety and are well worth a visit from the curious. The country circumjacent to the Falls is rocky, uneven, and almost mountainous. Two hills, one upon either side of the stream, seem heretofore to have met, and to have interposed a barrier to the passage of the river, through which it finally has burst its way, throwing the valley beneath with ruins and fashioning out a multitude of circular cavities in a ledge of granite, which was now laid bare at the base of the falls, and over which the water rushed with deafening uproar. There was probably a fissure in this ledge, traversing it in a direction with the river, which, in process of time, has been so deepened and widened, that now the whole body of the stream is precipitated through a channel so narrow that one may easily step across it, and through the distance of nearly fifty feet in the course of a few rods. Standing upon this smooth and solid bed of granite, you hear the water rushing and roaring deep below you, and sending up sprays in its angular passage, to be colored by the golden beams of the sun, and to be drunk in by the thirsting verdure on the banks. Looking through this zigzag channel from either extremity, it presents a profile strongly analogous to artificial fortification, and the eye hastily searches for the bristling bayonet and the cannon, as it sees the numerous bastion and curtain, and horn-work extending themselves as long as almost the regular disposition of engineer construction. Above you, the river spreads itself out in ample dimensions, and approaches, gracefully and silently, until it is forced to find vent in this narrow channel, where it lashes itself into fury, and pours itself along in a roar that is heard for miles around it. Standing in perfect security on the very edge of this chasm, you may look down into it,

"Through which foamglobes in eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride;
That down life's current drive remain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain."

Below you, the country spreads itself out in a rich landscape; you see the silver stream threading itself along through occasional woodland openings. Both sides of its rich banks, exhibiting the thick monuments of industry and art. At a distance the village spire rises itself up proudly above the buildings that surround it, and divers roads are seen traversing the adjacent country, converging to the village, like radii from circumference to centre.

These Falls take their name from the circumstance of a hunter, named Capt. Snow, being killed there by the Indians, far back as the year 1732. This country was then a wilderness—New Gloucester, the nearest settlement was just commencing; and Capt. Snow and a Mr. Butterfield were engaged in hunting and trapping on this stream. Their camp was pitched on the East side of the river, near by the Falls, and tradition points to the very spot. Indian depredations, at that time, were frequent. A party of warriors had descended from Canada, and scattering themselves upon our frontier settlements, were carrying with them devastation and terror. One party having laden themselves with booty, in returning, discovered the traps of these hunters and eventually traced them to their camp. Butterfield, who happened to be upon the outside, discovered them, when within a few rods of it—he uttered a scream of terror, and conjured Snow, who was within, to surrender, as resistance would be useless. Snow, who was aware of the horrible sufferings to which they doomed their prisoners, replied, that he never would surrender himself alive; that it was better to perish there than at the stake. The Indians, finding themselves discovered, with a yell, precipitated themselves upon the camp. Snow appeared at the door, with his musket in his hand, and made a demonstration of surrender; but he did this only to single out his victim. The Indian who covered the file in its approach, was of ferocious appearance and uncommon stature. His head was adorned with the plumage of the Eagle, taken entire, its wings depending over either shoulder, and its talons and beak so arranged, that it still seemed to have life and be conscious of its kingly power; when within a few steps of Snow, and signifying to him good quarters, Snow suddenly elevated the muzzle of his piece, and saying

that he neither asked nor gave quarters, discharged it into the bosom of the Indian Sachem, who rolled upon the ground, convulsed in the mortal agonies of death. Before Snow could recover the camp, or make another movement of offence, he himself was slain and cut to pieces by the whole party, who had flung themselves, at once with fury upon him. They then betook themselves to lamentations and howlings for the loss of their chief, and after having performed all the funeral rites due to his rank and significance of their consideration of his loss, they sunk him in a neighboring bog, and continued their march Northward, taking Butterfield with them, calculating to offer him up as a sacrifice for the death of their captain. On the borders of Lake Umbagog, they were joined by the Indians who had been spoiling in other directions, and here they fasted several days, holding their orgies both for the success of their campaign and the loss of their Sachem. They afterwards went on to Canada, and Butterfield, watching every opportunity to escape, at length ventured, and travelling the wilderness alone, finally reached his friends in safety, and informed them of the tragical death of his comrade. The remains of Snow were subsequently interred by a party that went from New Gloucester, and a mound of stones, loosely flung together, still marks the spot where sleeps the valiant hunter, whose name is perpetuated by identifying it with the name of the Falls.

A curious circular hole has recently been discovered on the West side of the river, about half a mile from the Falls, on the summit of a hill in a solid ledge of granite. It is between two and three feet in depth and about 18 inches in diameter, resembling those that are found on the Falls only vastly more perfect in its construction. There is much speculation as to the cause and manner of its formation. It seems hardly possible that it could have been formed by a current of water passing over the rock, as the hill is so high, this being the only cavity, and there are now existing the least appearance of the smallest rill ever having run in that direction. That it was hollowed out by the Indians is still more improbable. It is in a place where they would be least likely to congregate for any purpose, and if made by them, must have been done at an immense expense of time and labor, and for ought we see, to no possible advantage, and in fact, the smooth and rounded appearance of the hole on its outer surface seems rather to indicate water as the agent in its formation. We have examined it a number of times, and can only add with the poet,

"The thing is neither strange nor rare,
But, how the Devil came it there?"

FOURTH OF JULY.

We do not hear of any celebration of this day, in any place nearer to us than Portland. This is not as it should be. We ought to pay some little notice to a day that brings with it so many associations, which, as Americans, we love to dwell upon. We ought to hallow it, and devote to it the full measure of our talents, in subservience to the causes that sprang it into being. We ought to linger upon the progressive movements by which those eternal truths, that were this day promulgated, finally triumphed and identified themselves with American Independence. We ought to feel the currents of our life kindling into new warmth and swelling our bosoms with holy and rapturous feelings, in contemplating the worth, the talents, the courage and the sufferings that were displayed by our fathers, in the cause of truth, liberty and their off-spring.

The time has been, when we needed not thus to have been reminded. But the lapse of 12 years in dampened our sympathies. The thunder of the cannon no longer breaks in with the beam of the morning, and the tide of population rolls not over the threshold to the house of God. As the causes which banded our sires together have receded, there has gradually been operating a disintegration of confederated principles—a diversity of interests has arisen, and that lofty nationality of feeling has lost somewhat of its intensity in the increase of its range. Most of the worthies who achieved our independence, have been numbered, and are sleeping with their fathers, whilst we, gathering around the foliage of our inheritance, count too little, upon the perils by which it was won, and by which it is to be sustained. When kings have confederated themselves together, and are devising means to arrest the march of intellect, and crush the embryos of liberty in their germs, ought we not, at least, to be alert? and ought not the watchmen who parade as sentinels on the ramparts of our Liberty, sound aloud the tocsin, while danger is yet "a great way off"? We cannot be too watchful in the preservation of our liberties, nor be diligent in growing up the minds of the youth into conceptions that will operate as a redeeming spirit to those selfish views, that are so extremely generated from the trafficings in commerce and the seekings for office. In the word at large, the cause of freedom presents a gloomy aspect. That immense power, which resulted from the overthrow of Napoleon, has pursued a policy inimical to the interests of freedom, and thus far with success. The first breathings of Liberty in Italy were smothered under Austrian protection, and French bayonets and French canna have driven it from its cradle in Spain and crimsoned the earth with the blood of its guardians.

"Where is thine arm, O Vengeance? where thy rod,
That smote the face of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thunder'd from afar?"

Presses have been put under guardianship. Literary and civil institutions have been put down and abolished. Levies have been raised,

and armies cantoned in the most populous and intelligent districts. Leagues, offensive and defensive, have been entered into—and it seems unlikely, that their subjects will soon make any efforts for their own melioration, groaning, as they are under the two-handed sway of ignorance and military fear. But we will not despair. For although these sparks have been quenched, liberty has kindled its fire on the mountains of Greece, and gathered around it the descendants of those who fell at the Straits of Thermopyla, and on the plains of Marathon. Their exertions have been crowned with success, and liberty is again about to build up its altars on the lands endeared to every civilized mind in so many recollections that brighten humanity. Go on—descendants of Minthe—the heart of every loyal American beats in response to your exertions, and his prayers are for your success. Tell the world, by your actions, and, more than all, that "Unholy Alliance," that there is an unquenched spirit pervading the bosoms of their subjects, gathering strength in the lapse of ages, and from the diffusion of knowledge, that will, one day, we hope, burst forth with a power commensurate to the pressure it has endured, and thundering in the ears of that unrighteous confederacy, tell them—
WE WILL BE FREE. LIBERATAS.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

Young genius of Oxford, come carol your lay,
Your Press is awaiting—your herald's away;
For Oxford demands (her aspirations care),
A Press for her freedom, and freedom of Press.
Ye sons of her mountains, ye sages combine,
Ye fair of her valleys your graces entwine,
Your services proffer—your loquities bestow,
Make a land of renown of your mountains of snow,
For bleak are your hills, and the long winters' blast
Her mantle of frost o'er your glaciers does cast.
Breathe on balmy gales; let a spirit of fire
Awake in the hearts of the son and the sire.
Bid Oxford arise in the strength of her might
And drive from her brow the dim vapours of night.
The Press with a majesty boundless as sea,
And a voice loud as thunder, bids Oxford be free:
With a stride from the Ocean she measures the pole,
And wears on the mountains of Oxford she'll rule.
She seeks a retreat in the land of the brave,
She shrinks at the tyrant, and weeps o'er the slave.
The land of the hills to the brave is a home,
For the hills of the Swiss, to their foes are a tomb.
Fair daughter of Heaven! O Virtue inspire
The soul of the Press with thine own sacred fire:
If on the centurion of Oxford remain,
A vice or a crime to encumber her name.
The foul chameleon blot in oblivion wipe
By the flash of thy frown, or the lash of the type.
E'en hallow'd on earth! O Justice preside
O'er the fate of our Councils—our destinies guide.
Hail long o'er our homes, thy bright balance
Heaven,
And by thy red bolt be inquiry driven.
O pay the hand by extortion corroded;
Doom powerless the soul by its infamy goaded;
If guilt, with her train of dark vassals arrayed,
The quiet dominions of Oxford invade,
The Press thy artillery—the type be thy bow
To lay the base miscreant lifeless and low;
It's voice be the carion where ravens shall feed,
His bones bleach the turf on which tramples the dead.
But let us be earnest in their anguish shall cry,
Their cheek pale with sorrow—grief-smitten their eye.
Then deal out thy mercy—The victim oppress
From the gripes of the ruthless extortioner wrest.
The Press be thine angel our faults to record;
Our vices to pun—our virtues reward,
Our morals to chasten—our follies expose.
To gladden thine bosom though pregnant with woes
Our minds to enlighten—our wanderings correct.
To raise our youth who in vices are wrecked.
Our tastes to improve and our manners refine.
And point the bold sinner to piety's shrine.
A light to the blind—to the darkling a guide.
A bride to the groom—and a groom to the bride.
A home to the stranger—a guest to the host;
Who brings him glad news of an heritage lost.
A pillar of fire to enlighten our way.
A mirror, the secrecy of life to display.
The Yomama's Chart, which shall point out the soul
Whose loquities shall gladden the Culturer's soul;
An eye that shall ken the rich secrets of earth,
And drag them reluctant to being and birth.

CIMON

MARRIED.

In Hebron, on Sunday, the 20th ult. by Rev. Mr. Tappin, Mr. MICHAEL ALLEN, of Paris, to Mrs. ELIZA MASON, of the former place.

DIED.

In this Village, on Friday Evening, 25th ult. JAMES DISCO, son of ALANSON MELLEEN, Esq. aged 9 years, after a most distressing illness.

"Disce has laid his withering hands
On that fair form—the brittle bands
That chained the soul, gave way—
It burst in shattering of clay—
How bright it was, let memory dream
Death has put out that morning beam."

DOMESTIC.

Sure method of destroying Caterpillars.
Take a small mop tied to the end of a pole, and dip it in any kind of fish Oil.—This should be applied to the nests in the afternoon, from 6 to 12 o'clock, and repeated several times when the sun shines.

To destroy Insects on Plants.—Tie up some flour of sulphur in a piece of muslin or fine linen, and with this the leaves of young shoots of plants should be dusted, or it may be thrown on them by means of common swansdown puff, or even by a dragging box.

FLAX. Another machine has been invented by Samuel Davidson, of Romulus Seneca county, N. Y. for dressing flax. Its whole cost including the patent right, is only forty dollars. It has been tried by many of the most respectable farmers. They estimate the saving in labor at three-fourths, and the saving in flax at one fifth, compared with the common mode; while it leaves the texture of the thread unbroken. By the use of this machine the process of rotting may be dispensed with, as it will answer for dressing the flax either with or without rotting.

BY THE MAIL.

LOSS OF THE SHIP HANNIBAL.
Extract of a letter from Capt. John G. Low,
dated Liverpool, May 22.

"We left the Capes of Virginia on the 12 April. Nothing worthy of notice occurred until the 22d, when in lat. 41, long. 40, the wind under close reefed main topsail and foresail, in a tremendous tempest, she was struck by lightning, at half-past eleven at night, while in the act of taking in the main-top-sail, which killed Thomas J. Lake, 2d mate, and two seamen, —Thomson of Norfolk, and —Johnson, Swede; and wounded every man about the main mast but two: after getting the wounded below, I examined the mast coats and deck, but could discover only a small piece split out of the deck, from which I concluded the fire had not gone below. Shortly after, while rubbing the wounded, we discovered from the smoke that issued into the cabin, that the ship was on fire; immediately got the wounded men on deck, got the buckets ready, cut two holes through the deck abreast the mainmast, the flames burst up with great violence, but we succeeded in smothering it by throwing in a great quantity of water, until it was three inches deep in the cabin. At day-light we discovered the hatches were much burnt, we made several attempts to get at the seat of the fire, but the smoke was so suffocating, it was impossible to reach it and the cotton bagging was so much consumed that it was impossible to remove it, only in handfuls. We succeeded however in keeping it down till the morning of the 24th, when it began to break through the main deck; all hopes of saving the ship being gone, we cut some holes through the deck over the store room, and by sending down one of the crew, with a rope fast round him, we drew up some provisions and left the ship, in the long boat, being 14 in number, and steered our course for the western Islands; after being fifty six hours at sea, we were taken up by the brig Thetis, Capt. Taylor, and treated with every attention, and arrived at Liverpool on the 22d May.

Mr. John Taylor, of Virginia, broke his thigh, shortly after the ship was struck, and died 12 hours after in great pain.—The Cook was suffocated in the fore-cabin.

While on board the Thetis, a young man, named —Loring, of Duxbury, was washed overboard and drowned."

The Hannibal was a fine coppered ship, 315 tons, 1 year old, and belonged to Messrs. S. Austin, Jun., and J. W. Lewis, and was fully insured in this city.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. CRAWFORD.

[EXTRACT FROM THE COMMITTEE'S FINAL REPORT.]
"The Committee do not deem it necessary to extend their Report by protracted observations on the various parts of the evidence, as the whole is submitted to the House. They content themselves with saying, that, in their opinion, nothing has been proved to impeach the integrity of the Secretary, or to bring into doubt the general correctness and ability of his administration of the public finances. To this point, as the main object of inquiry, the chief attention of the Committee has been directed; as they have come to the result, which has now been stated, with the unanimous concurrence of the members present. Other points there are, of less importance, but which may, nevertheless, be supposed not to have escaped consideration by the committee. These, however, under all the circumstances they have thought it proper to leave, without observation, in the light in which they are placed by the evidence."

CASUALTIES, &c.

Fatal Visit.—On the 9th inst at Quebec, the city was visited by a thunder cloud, from which an unusual quantity of electric fluid was discharged (at two flashes only) upon the inhabitants. The principal streams fell on barracks, which were covered with sheet iron, but without a conductor! In one wing, ensign John D. Cogan was killed, and in another, two soldiers and a little boy. The mate of a vessel also was reported to be killed, and many persons were prostrated by the shocks. The deceased were all interred together, with military honors.

A boy about 8 years old perished in the flames of a house, lately burnt at Framingham, N. Y. a son of J. Smith Esq.—Most of the family escaped through the window.

Storm at Savannah.—On the 9th inst. the city and port of Savannah was visited by a thunder gust which for 8 or 10 minutes raged with tremendous fury. A number of small houses were scoured and chimneys blown down, vessels were driven from their masts and moorings, materially damaged, and much property in boats, cotton &c. seen drifting down the river; and several persons were seriously injured, but no lives ascertained to be lost.

Accident.—In New-York on Friday last, as several workmen were digging in the rear of a house in Chamber street, an old wall fell down, by which one of them was killed and two wounded.

Lightning.—Last week, Benjamin Wells, a cooper, was killed by lightning, as he was preparing staves under a tree in Sugar Loaf, N. Y. The only wound preceptible, was a little broil on the breast.

That part of the State of Ohio, which lies on the shores of Lake Erie, was visited with a storm of unusual severity on the night of the 5th

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

From the Providence American.

THE GREEK CAUSE.

Extract of a letter, dated Leghorn, March 30, 1824, from a highly respectable American gentleman, resident in that city, to his friend in this town.

The glorious struggle of the Greeks, there is just foundation to believe, will terminate in their freedom, from their late most cruel tyrants. There is not now a Grecian in the Morea, or Epirus, who is not completely armed; and their courage and their perseverance would have been honorable in the noblest periods of their illustrious ancestors. The first gun they had, was forced from the hands of a Turk. They are in possession of every fortress in the Morea, except Patras, which is on the eve of surrendering.—They never inquire the number of their enemies, but where they are! They advance, always, with the confidence of success when their adversaries are threefold greater. They have more than 100 vessels of war from 10 to 23 guns, and in every instance, have they sought the Turkish squadron, though containing many ships of 80 guns! There is no example of their being defeated, or of their 80 guns, many frigates and corvettes. Lord Byron has been made a Grecian Senator, and he now commands 800 men—the officers are English, French and Spaniards—he has clothed them at his own expense, and devotes his ample fortune in their cause. He will one day be the second Homer, and recount in his sublime verse, the Grecian war, as the former has done that of Troy. It is stated the Grand Seigneur is preparing his last effort; but the Greeks are ready to meet them; and when they do, the Turks will be crushed. There never was a nation unitedly determined to be free, that did not accomplish their purpose. They have every incitement to render their hearts invulnerable; the example of their ancestors, and the impossibility to treat with their foes who acknowledge no bonds or treaties, to bind them, when they shall have the power to avenge themselves on rebels and enemies to their diabolical creed. They have now raised a loan in England which will greatly aid them. About two thirds of the Morea belonged to the Grand Seigneur or the Meschias—these are now confiscated, and form the most fertile lands, in the finest and richest soil in Europe. What they most want is a frigate or two, when they would fearlessly lay along side the largest ship of the Turks. Should the generous enthusiasm which I have learnt prevails in the United States, in their favor, produce sufficient, I should recommend it to be converted into a frigate.—It would remain a long monument of our attention to their cause, and would draw from them the most grateful returns."

Since the above was put into type, we have learnt that Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, on the nineteenth of April, after an illness of only ten days. A cold, attended with an inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. He was a great friend to the Greeks, and to whom they paid the highest respect. The Provisional Government of Greece ordered, that, at sunrise, on the morning following his death, thirty public offices, courts of justice and shops should be shut for three days, except those of provision and medicine, and all musical instruments, dances and public amusements should cease for the same time; a general mourning should take place for twenty-one days, and funeral ceremonies should be performed in all the churches.

Thus have the Greeks lost a man who devoted his fortune, time and even his life to their cause; but, although he is gone, his name shall live to the latest posterity, both as a patriot and a poet. He was aged 37 years. His title descends to George Anson Byron, a Post Captain in the Royal Navy.

A letter from Constantinople of April, mentions that the Pacha of Egypt had abandoned the idea of proceeding for the Morea, but that his son was to proceed thither with a large force. Whatever may have been the designs of the Pacha, it appears from the following paragraph, which we copy from the Morning Chronicle of May 10, that they have received an important check.

Letters were received this morning, via Marseilles, from Alexandria, in Egypt, dated on the 5th of April, communicating news of great importance to Greece—on the authenticity of which the utmost reliance may be placed. It has been known, that for some time past that the Pacha of Egypt has been forming large magazines of gunpowder, and of all descriptions of military stores, at Grand Cairo; avowedly for the purpose of equipping an army to act against the Christians in the Morea, but more probably with the view of protecting the independence of his own Government, from the Grand Seigneur himself. The additions received this day from Alexandria, state that these magazines had been destroyed by fire, and that three thousand Egyptian soldiers had perished in the explosion. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at not less than ten million of Spanish dollars; and one of the effects of this event will probably be the abandonment of the expedition from Alexandria into the Morea, if his Highness the Egyptian Pacha, ever seriously intended to waste his resources in a cause so entirely hopeless as the rejunioration of Greece, to the Ottoman yoke of barbarism. His Highness the Capt. Pacha had arrived at Alexandria with a part of the Turkish fleet, and the remainder of his naval force was expected soon to join him at that place. It was at Alexandria that the fourth expedition of the Turks against the Christians was to have been fitted out, for at Constantinople the Treasury was replenished sufficiently with money to enable the

Government to obtain the necessary supplies for such an important undertaking. The destruction of the magazines at Grand Cairo will prevent the Pacha of Egypt from furnishing the expedition with warlike stores, and thus it must be either altogether abandoned for this year, or be so defective in every necessary quality as to render the power of the Ottomans, during the fourth campaign against the independence of Greece, weaker than any of their previous efforts."

ITURBIDE. Another event has taken place which may result in affairs of importance to this western world. The ex-emperor of Mexico, Iturbide, sailed from Southampton about the middle of May, in an armed vessel, accompanied by a staff of 14 persons. It is said that he had assurances of being joined, on his arrival in Mexico, whither he was bound, by a numerous party, who will assist him in recovering his abdicated throne. His departure was managed with great secrecy. He took with him his wife and two infant children. Six other children he has left at school in England. The vessel had on board, arms and other military stores, a printing-press with other apparatus complete for the purpose of printing proclamations on his arrival. Previous to his leaving London, Iturbide had an interview with Gen. San Martin. A London paper says, "In abdicating the Crown of Mexico he was actuated solely by a desire to avoid a civil war; he now returns to Mexico as a soldier, not on visions which vex it, but also, for the purpose of securing its independence, which is menaced equally by intestine discord, and by the resolution of the Holy Alliance. We are confidently assured that Iturbide resisted every solicitation which was made to him, until he became fully informed of the determined views of the Holy Alliance in assisting Ferdinand, by intrigue, and by secret supplies of money, to attempt the subjugation of the whole of South America. Under these circumstances he felt it a sacred duty to return; he has gone, not with any views of personal aggrandizement, but as a soldier, to maintain the independence which his own efforts and talents gave to this country."

PARIS TAVERN.



The subscriber would inform the public in general, that he has taken the stand formerly occupied by Thomas Crocker, Esq. on Paris Hill; and has opened a

PUBLIC HOUSE:

and while he solicits public patronage, he pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render the stay of gentlemen and ladies travelling both comfortable and agreeable.

ALSO—Good accommodations for HORSES. SIMEON NORRIS.

Paris, July 1, 1824.

JEREMIAH HASKELL.

Sign of the Gilt Hat,
No. 7 Exchange-street,.....Portland,
KEEPS constantly on hand, a general assortment of Superfine, Fine, and low-priced BEAVER, COTTON, and IMITATION

HATS.

ALL OF THE FIRST QUALITY.....ALSO,
IMITATION HATS, on favorable terms, by the case.—Men's and Boys' FELT HATS.
Portland, June 28, 1824.

CORONER'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. JUNE 29, 1824.
TAKEN by execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the store of THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. in Paris, in said County, on Monday the second day of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, all the Right and Equity of Redemption, that real estate, situated in Turner, in said County, and being the following described mortgage, being the westerly half of lot numbered one hundred and thirty-four. Said land was mortgaged to William C. Whitney, Esq. for the sum of four hundred dollars, by deed dated Nov. 24, A. D. 1821, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds in said county, Volume 19, page 369—reference thereto being had for a more full description.

LEVI RAWSON, Coroner.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.
PURSUANT to Warrants from Elias Thomas, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following Township and Tracts of unimproved LAND, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State tax for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-three, viz:
Township No. 1, first Range, \$5 01
do. No. 2, 3d do. 4 73
do. No. 3, 2d do. 6 91
do. No. 3, 3d do. 4 73
do. No. 4, 3d do. 4 73
do. No. 5, 3d do. 5 11
do. No. 4, 4th do. 5 18
do. No. 4, do. 4 50
do. No. 7, do. 4 95
do. No. 1, Letter A, 5 89
do. No. 2, Letter A, 6 41
Bradley's and Eastman's Grant, 4 80
Fryburg Academy Land, 4 19

I hereby give notice, that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of said Townships and unimproved LAND, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday, the twenty-third day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
Sheriff of Oxford County.
Hebron, July 1, 1824.

PORTLAND AND PARIS MAIL STAGE.

THE Proprietor of the above line in future intends running his Stage twice a week. It will start from Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and pass through the following towns, viz: Westbrook, Falmouth, Gray, Poland, Hebron, Norway and arrive at Paris same day. Every Saturday it will pass through New-Gloucester and Minot, going from Portland; and every Monday pass through the same towns in returning to Portland.

RATES OF FARE.
On Wednesdays going from Portland, and on Fridays returning.
From Portland to Gray, \$1 00
" " " " " 1 25
" " " " " 1 50
" " " " " 1 80
" " " " " 2 00
On Saturdays going from Portland, and on Mondays returning.
From Portland to Gray, \$1 00
" " " " " 1 37
" " " " " 1 50
" " " " " 1 50
" " " " " 1 75
" " " " " 2 00
" " " " " 2 25

Those who wish for passage in the above line, or to entrust business to the care of the subscriber, will please apply at I. WATERHOUSE'S Stage Tavern, in Portland, or to the subscriber's boarding house, on Paris Hill.
The subscriber pledges himself that good Carriages and Horses shall be provided. And that nothing, which assiduity and unremitting exertion can effect shall be left unaccomplished to entitle him to a share of public patronage.
JAMES LONGLEY.
Paris, July 1, 1824.

NOTICE.

THE committee chosen by the town of Paris, at the last April meeting, for the purpose of devising some system, for the support of the poor in said town, will receive proposals, on what terms a farm can be purchased, on which said poor can be supported. The contractor to state the situation of the land and buildings; the number of acres of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland; with all the particulars relative thereto; the amount of purchase money and times of payment. Said proposal is to be made in writing to either of the subscribers, on or before the 26th day of August next.
BENJA. CHANDLER,
THOMAS CLARK,
July 8, 1824. Per Order.
eop2m.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....NEWRY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following parcels of land, situated in the town of Newry, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that they are taxed for the year 1824, for State, County, Town and School Taxes, committed to me, the subscriber, to collect, as follows, viz:

Owners' names.	No. acres.	Value.	Changes.	From.	State and County.	School.	Total.
Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now John B. Murray 9424	4712	536,38	35,34	32,51	604,23		
Formerly Sarah Bostwick, now Theoph. Harris 6704	3352	336,98	25,14	23,12	397,14		

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Monday, the second day of August next, so much of said land will then be sold at Public Vendue, at the dwelling-house of me, the subscriber, in Newry, at one o'clock, in the afternoon, as will satisfy the same.

ANDREW N. STOW, Collector of Newry.
Newry, June 30, 1824.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following lots of land in the town of Sumner, County of Oxford, belonging to non-residents, are taxed in the bills committed to me, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes in said town for the year A. D. 1823; in the following sums, viz:

Owner.	Lot.	Range.	Acres.	Value.	From.	State & County.	Def. of High-way tax for 1822.
Unkn. 1st No. 6, N.	4	60	100	93			\$ c.
do. do. No. 13	4	136	272				3 45
do. do. No. 15	4	138	272				3 45
do. do. No. 15, N. 7	45	67					84
W. cor. of a gore,							

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Saturday, the thirty-first day of July present, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at Farlin & Adams' store, in said Sumner, as will discharge the same.

SILAS COBURN, Collector of Sumner.
Sumner, July 1, 1824.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the eight day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty four:
On the petition of John Dennett, Guardian to Eliza Rowe, a minor of Paris in said County, representing that the personal estate of said Eliza is not sufficient to pay the just debts of said ward by the sum of thirty-two dollars and eighteen cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said ward as may be necessary for payment of said debts and incidental charges:
ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock A. M. and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
BENJA. CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, de bonis non, on the estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners, THOMAS CLARK.
Paris, June 8, 1824.

